

HALLDEN
PAMCEST

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Dennis the Menace

No. 44

10c



the Cookie Jar

INSIDE STORIES OF DENNIS THE MENACE

TV GAGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE



Jay North "entertains" the cast . . . and wonders what to do next.



WHEN Jay North is in the "Dennis The Menace" television studio, he provides many unexpected laughs that aren't in the scripts. The writers are still wondering if they should have included a bugle in one of the stories, because Jay insisted on practicing it—loud!—every spare minute.

Another story involved a plate of ice cream. Jay had his eye on it all through the shooting, and when the scene was over he dug up a big spoonful, tasted it—and made a horrible discovery. "Ugh! Washed potatoes!"

In a story about space travel, Jay was required to wear a space helmet. He went up to the director, Bill Russell, and said: "Put 'em up, pardner, or I'll plug you with my six-shooter!"

"You're kind of mixed up, Jay," Russell told

him "That's not space talk—that's Western talk!"

"That's okay," Jay grinned. "I'm from West Hare!"

In another episode, Gloria Henry, who plays Dennis' Mom, had to go up and down the stairs of the Mitchell house several times. Before the shooting was over, she made 60 trips up and down. Seeing how tired she was, Jay told her: "Hey, I've got an idea! Let's put an elevator in the Mitchell's house!"

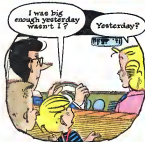
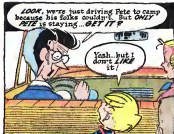
And when a trained chimpanzee named Joe was in one of the stories, Jay proved he was really like Dennis. Joe's trainer found Jay feeding the chimp little goodies from a paper bag, and objected. "Don't feed him peanuts, Jay—they're not good for him."

"Oh, these aren't peanuts," Jay said innocently. "They're jelly beans!"

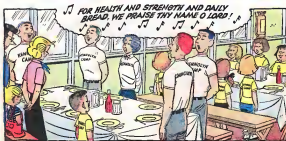
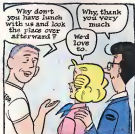
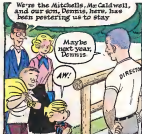
WATCH DENNIS SUNDAY NIGHTS ON YOUR CBS — TV STATION

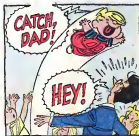
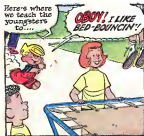
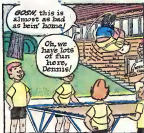
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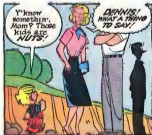


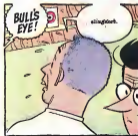










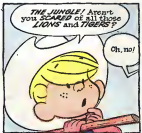






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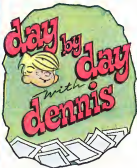








Monday



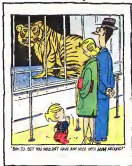
"KEEP AN EYE ON ANY HORSE, WILL YOU, PORNOLD?"

Thursday

Friday

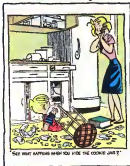


"WELL, GARDNER, YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, BUT YOU'RE NOT A GOOD BOY!"



"WELL, YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, BUT YOU'RE NOT A GOOD BOY!"

Tuesday



Wednesday



Saturday



Sunday



MOVING MOUNTAINS

"HI, DAD! How'd it go today? How many truckloads did you move?"

Jim Cooper, his work clothes dark with perspiration, grinned down at his boy Charlie.

"Fire, son—must have moved half a mountain, all by myself!" And whistling, he went to the bathroom to shower before supper.

Charlie looked at his mother. "Guess I cheered him up—hub, Mom? Guess he don't feel so bad about just bein' a truck driver, huh?"

His mother silently continued to stir the stew on the stove, and Charlie's smile faded. He knew he hadn't fooled anybody. That none of them would be happy unless his Dad did what he was trained for—road building. Not just as a truck driver, but as the man in charge of the whole job. Because he was a licensed road contractor.

But ever since he had his license, jobs were few and far between. Charlie thought he understood why—on construction jobs his Dad wanted to get, he had to "bid" on them. The person who offered to do the job for the lowest price got the job. And his Dad was hardly ever lowest in the bids.

That was because his Dad didn't own any of the big machines that most contractors had—he'd have to rent them, and that cost money, more than the other contractors could do the job for. And so here he was, driving a truck on one of the jobs he wanted so much to run himself.

At supper, his Dad was quiet and thoughtful. Charlie knew what he was thinking about—the big new highway cloverleaf that was going to be built on top of Carmel Hill. His Dad wanted that more than anything, spent almost every night working on figures, hoping he could bid lowest on the job.

Abruptly his father stood up. "Let's leave the dishes and go up to Carmel Hill," he said. His jaw was set determinedly. "There must be some way to do the job cheaper than the others—there's got to be!"

"All right, let's go," Mrs. Cooper smiled. "If the mountain won't come to Mohamet, Mohamet will go to the mountain!"

"What's that mean, Mom?" Charlie asked, as she stacked the dishes.

"Oh, just that if you can't do a thing one way, do it another, just so it gets done. I was really thinking about that hill—almost a mountain—that has to be moved for this highway."

Up on Carmel Hill, Charlie looked at the "mountain". The bank rose steeply from where they were parked on the highway, up a hundred feet or more. And across the highway, the bank fell away abruptly.

To make the cloverleaf, the contractor would have to move the hill from one side of the highway to the other, to make a level area. But—the highway had to remain open all the time and free for traffic. That meant that bulldozers couldn't shove the dirt across the highway—a bridge would have to be thrown across to carry the dirt over the road. And Charlie's Dad wasn't licensed



to build bridges, just roads. He'd have to pay someone to build the bridge—and lose the bid.

"Dear," Mrs. Cooper said softly, "I know how much you want this job, but don't you see it's impossible? Besides renting machinery, you'd have to pay someone to build the bridge, and that would make your bid too high."

"Then I've got to find some other way of moving the dirt across," Jim Cooper said doggedly. "You know the saying, 'If you have the faith of a grain of mustard seed, you can move mountains'. Well, I'm going to move that hill—somehow!"

Charlie slipped out of the car and across the road, leaving his folks to talk. He, too, had heard that saying, but that was in Sunday school, not on a road building job. He sat down in a patch of weeds and threw rocks down the side of the hill—the hill that some other contractor would fill with dirt to make the cloverleaf.

Then he stopped.

The patch of weeds he was throwing rocks into was lush and green—tall green bushes with small, yellow flowers. But up and down the highway, the weeds were burned and dry from the summer heat.

He turned. On the high side of the road, directly across, was a gully filled with the same lush, green weeds. On either side of the gully, the vegetation was brown and dry.

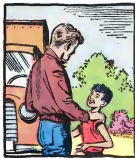
Only water could make those weeds so green, water from a hidden spring. And the same water made the weeds on the low side of the road just as green—water that somehow made its way under the road!

Charlie plunged down the embankment among the green weeds and sure enough, there was a little stream. And, parting the bushes, Charlie saw it—a mossy, stone tunnel, about six feet high, six feet wide. A tunnel for getting dirt across the road, under the road, without building a bridge!

Scrambling up the embankment, Charlie raced toward the car with his news.

When his folks looked at the tunnel, Charlie had a terrible thought. "Gee, Dad, I guess I got you all excited for nothing. I just realized—the tunnel's not big enough for trucks to get through, is it?"

His Dad turned to him, grinning. "No,



son—but it's plenty big enough for us to run a conveyor belt through—an endless belt that will carry the dirt from that side to this! We've got it made!"

"But—won't the other contractors think of this, and under-bid you again?" Mrs. Cooper asked.

"They can't under-bid me this time, because they don't know about this old tunnel! It's not on any of the state or city maps—nobody knows about it but us! The others will base their bids on the cost of a bridge—ours will be based on the rental of a conveyor belt—thousands of dollars cheaper! And all thanks to Charlie, here."

Charlie grinned happily. Then he noticed a strange look on his mother's face. "What is it, Mom?"

"I just happened to notice something," she said slowly. "Remember what your father said in the car—'If you have the faith of a grain of mustard seed, you can move mountains'?"

"Well—sure. I never did understand what that meant. Anyway, Dad's gonna move that ol' mountain!"

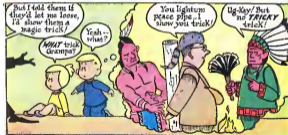
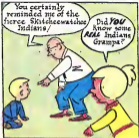
"Yes, but look at those weeds. The weeds that told you there was a way under this road. Don't you know what they are?"

"No, Mom—what?"

And Charlie had the strangest feeling he ever had, as his mother answered softly: "Wild mustard."

A GRAMPA STORY





I PRETENDED TO DROP THE PEACE PIPE.



... AND FILLED IT WITH GUNPOWDER!



I LIT IT FOR THE CHIEF, AND



But that only made them mad, so I thought of ANOTHER 'trick'!



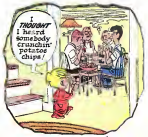
AWAY! We show you how to BURN WATER!







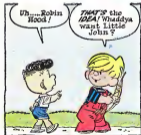
Dennis the Menace 'Hearing Things'



LITTLE RIDING RED ROBIN HOOD









COME BACK HERE!

Does Mister Wilson look like a **BEERF**?

He **SCREAMS** more like a **BEERF**!



ALLO, DENNIS!
ALLO, JOEY!



THAT'S NOT OUR NAMES!
I'm **ROBIN HOOD**, an' he's
LITTLE JOHN!

AD! You no
fools **ME!**



We're just
PRETENDIN'!

Oh, **SIT**
Hokusy, I
play, **TOO**,
eh?



Well... I
dunno
who
you'd
BE!

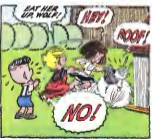
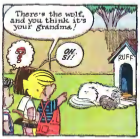
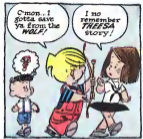
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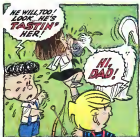
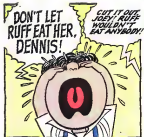


I **KNOW!** You can be
**LITTLE RED RIDING
HOOD**... Robin Hood's
SISTER!

WHAT!







ON SALE SOON!

DENNIS MENACE
FUN Book



100 PAGES!
GAMES!
PUZZLES!
CUTOUTS!

